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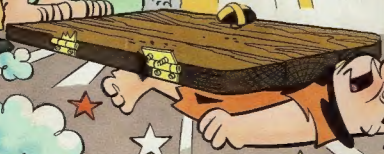
APPROVED  
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COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

TEEN-  
AGE

AND

# PEBBLES BAMM-BAMM

a Hanna-Barbera Production

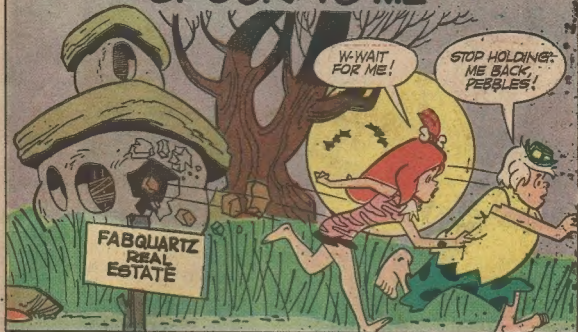


00786

TEEN-AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

## "SPOOK TO ME"



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WELL, UNCLE FRED,  
FABIAN FABQUARTZ  
WAS TELLING US  
ABOUT THIS HOUSE  
HIS FATHER OWNS  
AND...

HE CAN'T SELL  
IT BECAUSE IT'S  
HAUNTED!

HEH-HEH-HEH!  
ONLY IGNORANT  
PEOPLE BELIEVE  
IN GHOSTS!

WELL, WE MUST  
BE REAL STUPID,  
UNCLE FRED!

BAMM-BAMM  
AND I BELIEVE IN  
GHOSTS BECAUSE  
WE SAW ONE!

FABIAN DARED US  
TO GO IN THERE...  
SO WE DID!

BUT WE DIDN'T  
STAY VERY LONG!

FABQUARTZ CAN'T SELL THAT HOUSE  
BECAUSE FOLKS THINK THERE'S A  
GHOST IN THERE! THERE'S NO GHOST,  
BAMM-BAMM... BUT NEXT TIME THEY  
ASK YOU TO STAY THERE, MAKE  
HIM **PAY** YOU FOR IT!

SO, NEXT DAY, NEAR THE HAUNTED HOUSE...

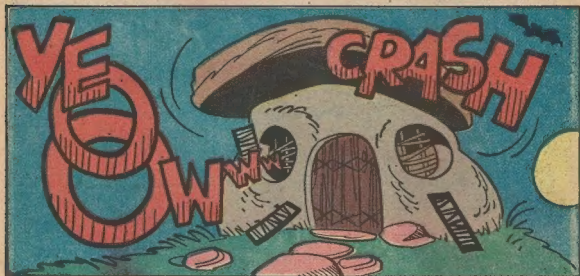
I COULD MAKE YOU PAY  
FOR THE DAMAGE YOU  
DID TO MY HOUSE,  
BAMM-BAMM... ALSO  
FOR TELLING PEOPLE  
YOU SAW A GHOST  
BUT I'LL GO EASY  
ON YOU!

YOU WILL, MR.  
FABQUARTZ? GOLLY,  
THAT'S NICE OF YOU!

I'LL GO EASY  
ONLY IF YOU'LL  
AGREE TO SPEND THREE  
HOURS **AFTER DARK** TO  
SHOW PEOPLE IT ISN'T  
HAUNTED!

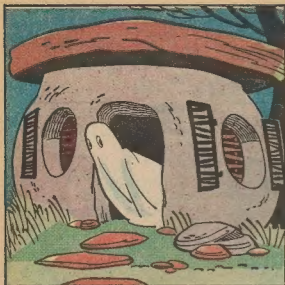






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TEEN-AGE

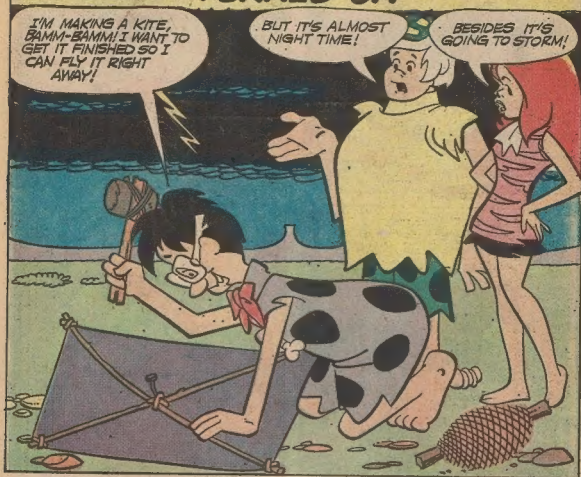
# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

## "TURNED ON"

I'M MAKING A KITE, BAMM-BAMM! I WANT TO GET IT FINISHED SO I CAN FLY IT RIGHT AWAY!

BUT IT'S ALMOST NIGHT TIME!

BESIDES IT'S GOING TO STORM!



I KNOW IT'LL BE DARK SOON AND I ALSO KNOW THERE'LL BE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING!

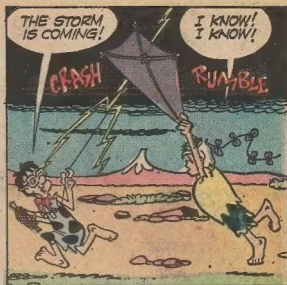
I DISCOVERED SOMETHING AND I HAVE TO FLY THE KITE AT NIGHT IN A THUNDER STORM TO PROVE IT!

HOLD THE KITE, BAMM-BAMM! WHEN THE STORM COMES THE KITE WILL GO UP!

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO PROVE, MOONROCK?







...ELECTRICITY WILL THEN TRAVEL DOWN THE STRING! WHEN IT DOES, THAT LITTLE BUG'S TAIL WILL LIGHT UP!

WHAT WILL THAT MEAN?

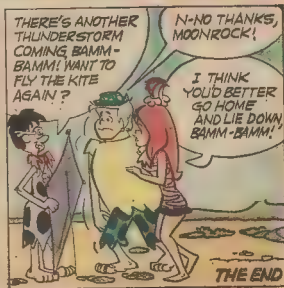
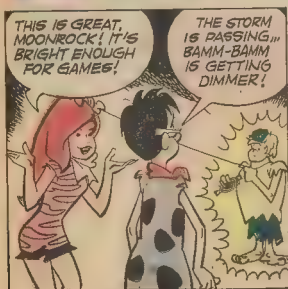
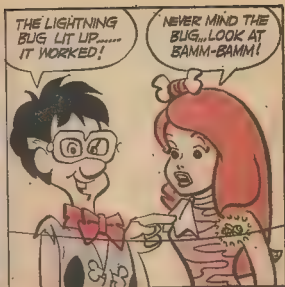
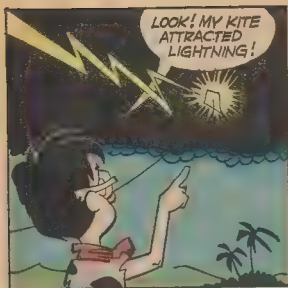
DON'T YOU SEE? I'LL HAVE INVENTED A LIGHTNING BUG!



I'M GOING TO GO HOME, MOONROCK! I THINK YOUR EXPERIMENT IS A FAILURE!

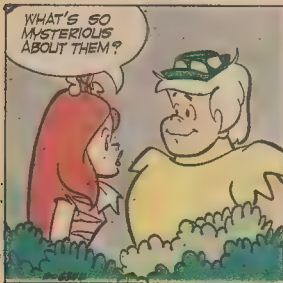
WAIT A FEW MINUTES LONGER, PEBBLES!



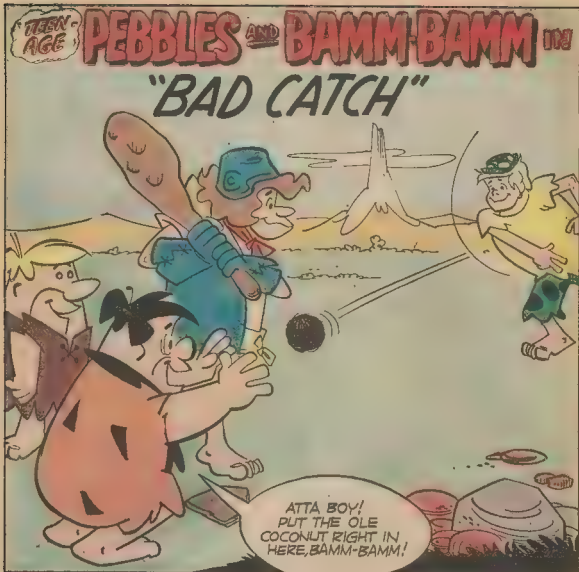


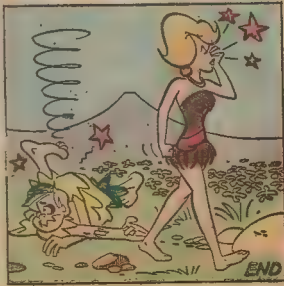
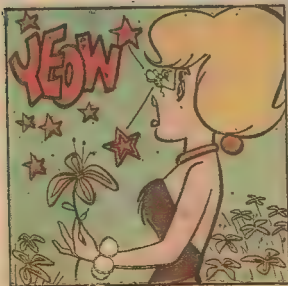
**TEEN-AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM** IN  
**"WIPEOUT"**

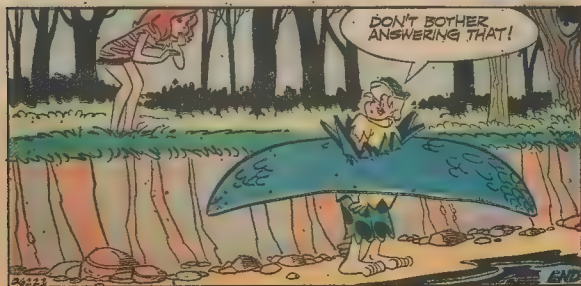
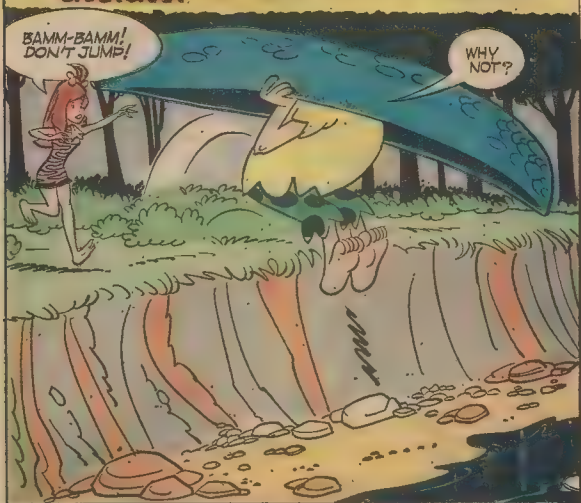
HERE COMES A  
MYSTERIOUS  
ERASERSAURUS!





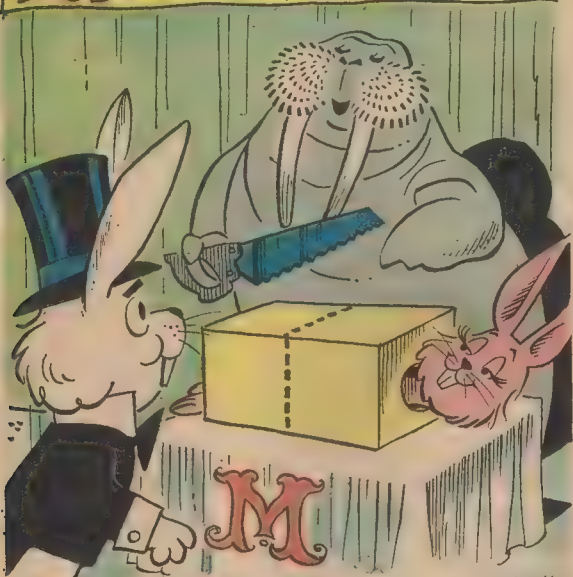






# The Invisible Rabbit

STORY: NICOLA CUTI  
ART: BILL WILLIAMS



Max, the Magic Rabbit, had finished another brilliant performance at the hollow tree and was on his way to his dressing room when the idea struck him. It was a plan for a new magic trick and he thought so excited him that he couldn't wait to tell Bunny and Waldo about it. They were waiting for him at his dressing room when he arrived.

"Listen to me, Max," said the huge walrus, who was Max's manager, "Bunny and I have talked it over."

"Yes," said the cute Bunny, Max's assistant, "and I've agreed to do the Saw-The-Rabbit-In-Half Trick."

Max was very surprised and pleased because Bunny had told him that she was afraid of that trick. Her change of mind could only mean that she now had

more faith in him as a skilled magician. He could see that she was still worried but she was willing to forget her fears for his sake. That made him feel good. Now it was his turn to make her feel good.

"Forget that trick," he said. "I have an idea for a better trick, a safer one." Bunny was relieved to hear that.

"What are you going to call it?" asked Waldo.

Raising up his paws, as if he was holding up a sign, he said: "The Invisible Rabbit!"

"That sounds nice, Max," Bunny was impressed.

"But how are you going to do the trick? Is it going to be dangerous, like the trunk escape where you almost drowned?"

Max smiled but that didn't calm Bunny.



"We're going to use Black Magic!" announced Max.  
"That sounds scary," said Waldo. "Only witches use Black Magic. That's evil stuff."

"You don't understand, dum-dum," reassured Max. "We're going to use Stage Black Magic. The Backdrop, that is, the curtain behind me will be black and I'll wear a special black suit that will cover me from head to toe. The black suit against the black curtain will make me invisible. Even though I'll be standing there, right in front of everybody, no one will be able to see me."

Bunny became excited. At last, a big trick that wasn't dangerous. "When are we going to start?"

"Right away," answered Max. "Bunny, see if you can get me at least a square yard of black material and, Waldo, you can begin to paint the signs."

Within a week, Waldo had signs all over the forest proclaiming that Max would perform the most amazing vanishing act in the history of Magic. He would become invisible on stage. The entire forest was talk-

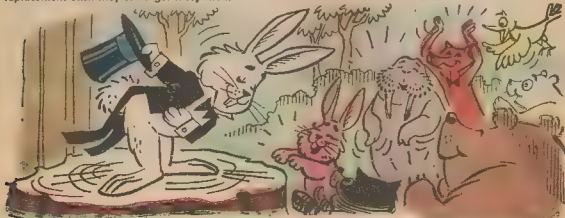


ing about it. If it were true, it meant that Max could be standing next to them right at that moment, listening to every word that they were saying. Wherever Max went the animals viewed him with the respect worthy of any creature with so great a power and this pleased him since it meant that his next performance would be jammed with spectators.

On the night of the performance, however, Max ran into an unexpected problem.

He looked at the backdrop and screamed: "White! What happened to my black curtain?"

"They burned a hole in the black curtain at the laundry," explained Waldo. "This one was sent to you as a replacement until they could get it repaired."



"But my invisible suit is black!"

Bunny thought that she could help. "I could make a white suit for you out of an old sheet; real fast."

"Thanks, Bunny," said Max, "but it wouldn't work. Although the audience couldn't see me, they would see my shadow. Against the black background they wouldn't be able to see my shadow. I guess we'll have to call the show off."

Just then an enormous brown bear came backstage and lumbered over to Max.

"Are you the rabbit that says he can make himself invisible?" he asked Max.

"Uh ... yeah, that's me."

"I told my girlfriend that you could do it and she expects it to happen. If you don't become invisible then I'm gonna look mighty foolish, so the trick better work or I'll make you wish that you were invisible. Got me?"

Max tried to smile, but the best that he could manage was a toothy grin.

"Okay, so on with the show!" With his message delivered, the bear left.

"Now I've gotta become invisible or else disappear."

Bunny suddenly came up with an idea and whispered it to Max.

"That's it!" exclaimed Max. "Bunny, you're a genius!"

When the curtain rose on the evening performance, Max and Bunny went through the magic act with their usual gusto and at the end of the act Waldo came out to announce the last trick ... the invisible illusion!

The audience was tense and quiet. The curtain lifted. A spotlight went on and to everyone's amazement, the stage was empty!

"Bravo!" they shouted and the applause was thunderous. Max had succeeded!

"Well, not really," Max explained to the confused Waldo after the show was over. "It was Bunny's idea and it worked so let her explain."

Bunny smiled proudly. "It was simple. Everyone expected Max to be invisible and so when they didn't see him on stage they thought that he had done the trick. Actually, he was standing behind the backdrop, not in front of it. The stage really was empty!"

"You tricked them," accused Waldo.

"Sure," said Max, "That's what they pay me to do."

END

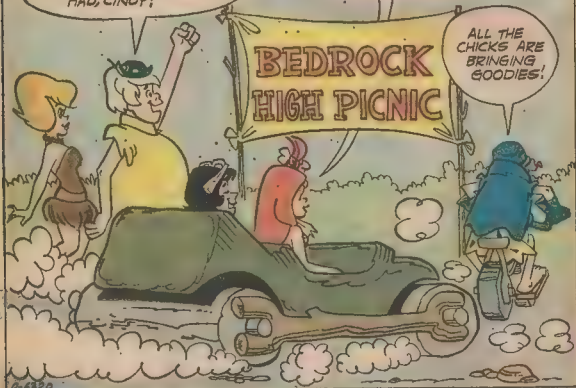
**TEEN-AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM** **IN**  
**"PICNIC PANIC"**

**YABBA-DABBA-DOO!**  
THIS IS GOING TO BE THE  
BEST PICNIC WE EVER  
HAD, CINDY!

WE'VE GOT PERFECT  
WEATHER, FABIAN!

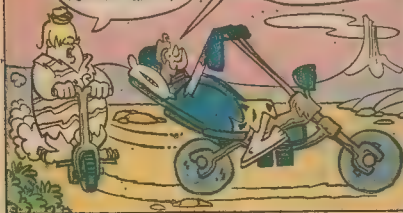
ALL THE  
CHICKS ARE  
BRINGING  
GOODIES!

**BEDROCK  
HIGH PICNIC**



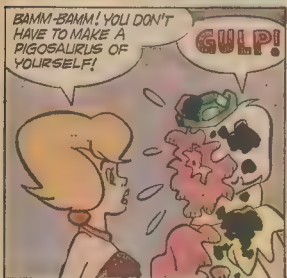
ME ZONK.....  
ME HANDSOME...  
ME HUNGRY...  
YOU GOT GRUB?

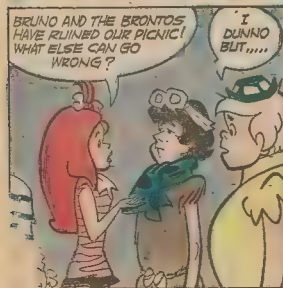
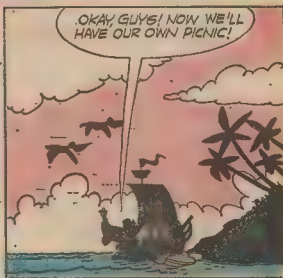
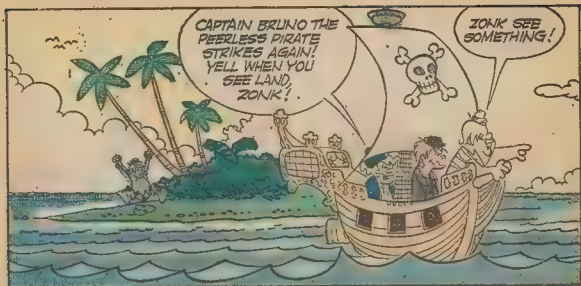
WHO NEEDS IT, ZONK?  
EVERYONE ELSE  
BROUGHT LUNCHES!



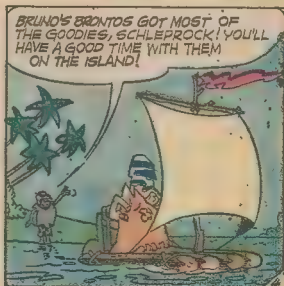
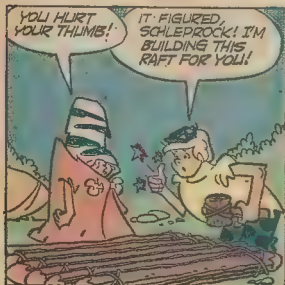
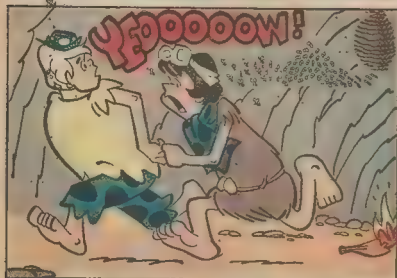
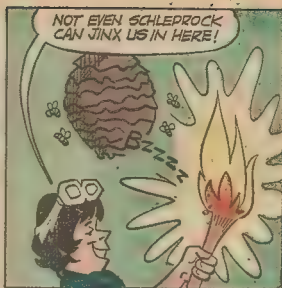
WE'LL SNITCH SOME  
CAKE HERE, A PIE  
THERE... WE'LL EAT  
GOOD!

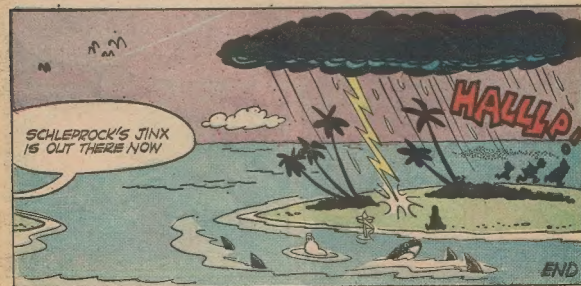
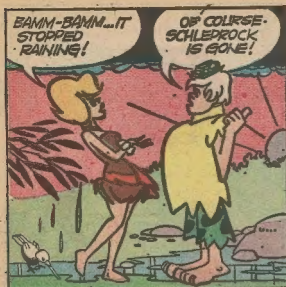




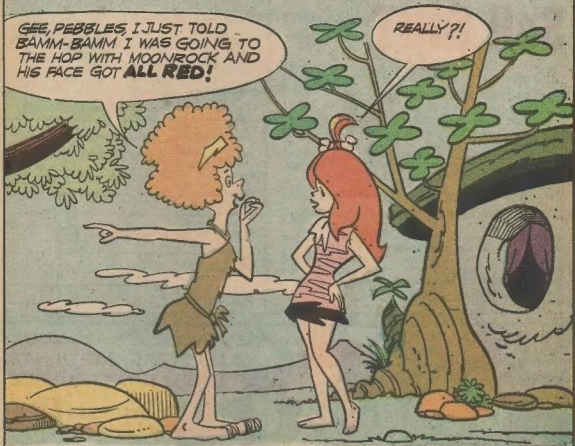








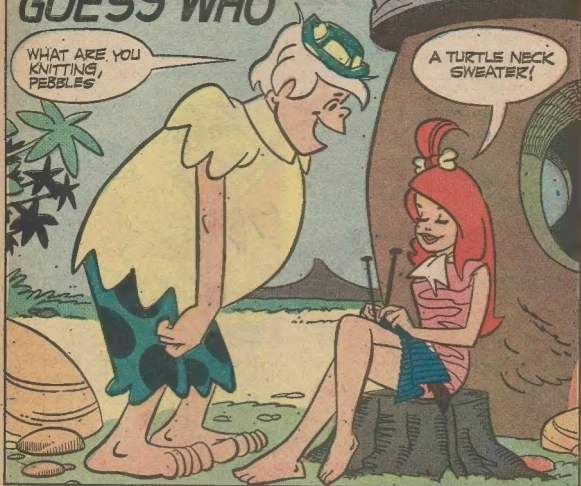
**TEEN-AGE** **PEBBLES AND BAMB-BAMB** IN  
"FLUSHED"



# "GUESS WHO"

WHAT ARE YOU  
KNITTING,  
PEBBLES?

A TURTLE NECK  
SWEATER!

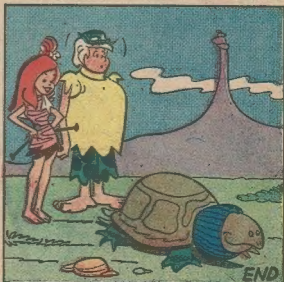


WHO'S IT  
FOR?

NOW WHO WOULD I  
BE MAKING A  
TURTLENECK  
SWEATER  
FOR, SILLY?



D-6222





TEEN-  
AGE

# PEBBLES AND BAMM-BAMM IN

## "RAIN IN THE MOUNTAINS"

YOU BOYS SHOULDN'T CAMP IN THAT DRY STREAM BED WHILE IT'S RAINING IN THE MOUNTAINS!

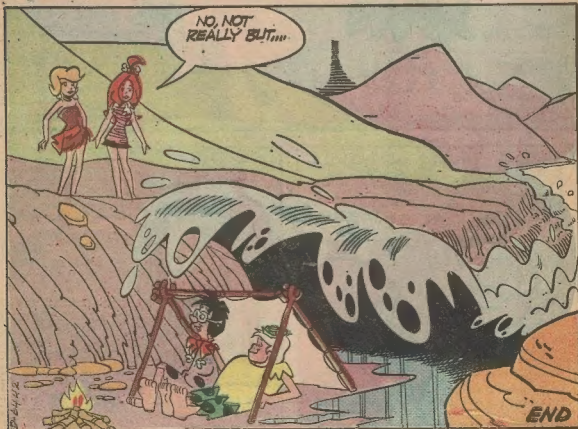


WHO SAID IT WAS RAINING IN THE MOUNTAINS?

YEAH! HOW CAN YOU TELL? ARE YOU SOME KIND OF WEATHER PROPHET OR SOMETHING?!



NO, NOT REALLY BUT...



END